## HERO TALES OF IRELAND

As Good as the Arabian

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

> BY JERENIAH CURTIN. Copy ight, 1892, by Jeremiah Curtin. PART III.

Fin MucCool, Cendach Og, and the Fish Hog. On a time Fin MacCool and the Fenians were living at Rahonain, a mile distant from Fintra. While Fin and blamen were near Fintra s champion called Ceadach Og. son of the King of Sorach, came to them to learn feats of skill. They received Condach with gladness, and after a time he learned all their feats and departed. Fin and the Fenians were pleased with his company, and Ceadach was grateful

to Fin and the Fenians. At some distance from Fintra there lived at that time a famed champion, who taught feats of valor and arms and was surnamed the Knight of Instruction. With this man Ceadach engaged to gain still more knowledge.

The Knight of Instruction had a daughter. and there was with him a second man learn-ing, whose nickname was Red Face.

When the champions had learned all the feats from the Knight, the two were in love with his daughter. Not wishing that one of his pupils should envy the other, the Knight could not settle which man to choose. He called then his Druid and laid the whole question before him.

"My advice." said the Druid. "Is this: Open two opposite doors in your castle, place your daughter half way between them, and let the two champions pass out, one through one your daughter will follow let her be the wife

The champions had their own compact that the man whom the young woman would follow should let the other have three casts of a spear at him, and he without right of defence, but if another would defend he might let him.
The Knight brought his daughter to the

middle of the chamber and opened the doors. The young woman went out siter Ceadach. Ceadach and his wife went their way then together, and he feared to stop at any place till he came to a great lonesome forest. He went to the middle of the forest, built a house

there, and lived with his wife for a season. One day as Fin was walking near the water at Fintra he met a strange creature, a woman to the waist, from the waist, downward a fish, The human half was like an old hag. When Fin stopped before her he greeted the hag. She returned the greeting and asked him to play chess for a sentence.

'I would." answered Fin, "If I had my own board and chessmen." Linve a good board," said the fish hag.

"If you have," said Fin, "we will play, but if you win the first game I must go for my own board, and you will play the second on that." The hag consented. They played on her chess board, and the hag won that game. Well," said Fin. "I must go for my own board, and do you wait till I bring it."

I will," said the fish hag. Fin brought his own board, and they played

and he won.
"Now," said Fin. "pass your sentence on me, since you won the first game."
"I will," said the hag, "and I place you un-

der sentence of weighty Druidic spells not to eat two meals off the one table, nor to sleep two nights in the one bed, nor to pass out by the door through which you entered till you bring me the head of the Red Ox. and an account of what took the eye from the Doleful Knight of the Island, and how he lost speech and laughter. Now pass sentence on me.

it." said Fin. "but here it is for you. I place you under bonds of weighty Druidle spells to stand on the top of that gable above there, to have a sheaf of oats fixed on the gable beyond you, and to have no earthly food while I'm gone, except what the wind will blow through the eye of a needle fixed in front of you." "Hard is your sentence, O Fin." said the fish

"Forgive me and I'll take from your head my sentence. "Never." said Fin. "Go to your place with-

out waiting." Before Fin departed the fish hag had mount-

ed the gable. The fame of the Red Ox had spread through all lands in the world, and no man could go near him without losing life. The Fenians

were greatly unwilling to face the Red Ox, and thought that no man could match him, unless, Though they knew not where Condach was living nor where they were likely to find him. they started in search of that champion. They

played with a ball as they travelled, driving it forward before them, knowing that if Ceadach saw the ball he would give it a blow. While passing the forest where Ceadach and his wife, the Knight's daughter, were hiding, one of the Fenians gave a great blow to the

ball, but as he aimed badly the ball flow to one side, went far away, and fell into the forest. Ceadach was walking away from his house when the ball fell and he saw it. He pulled down a tree branch, and, giving a strong direct blow, drove the ball high in the air and

out of the forest' "No one struck that blow." said the Fenians. "but Ceadach, and he is here surely." Then they went toward the point from which they had seen the ball coming and there they

"A thousand welcomes, Fin MacCool," said "Where are you going?" 'I am under sentence to bring the head of the Red Ox. and 'tis for it that I am going, but

I never can bring it unless you assist me. Without you I cannot lift from my own head the sentence that is on it.

"If it lay with me I would go with gladness.

but I know that my wife will not let me leave her. But do as I tell you now. When you come to us to eat dinner, taste nothing, and when my wife asks you to eat say that you will not eat till she grants a request; if she will not grant it do you leave the house and let all the Fenians follow; if she grants you a request you are to ask that I go with you. I cept to take me in your company, for she is

They went to the house: the wife welcomed Fin with the others and proposed dinner. When meat was placed before Fin he would

Why not eat, O King of the Fenians?" "I have a request to make. If you grant it, I will eat; if not, neither I nor my men will

Any request in my power I will grant," said she, "except one."
"What is that?" inquired Fin.

"If you want Ceadach to go with you I'll not

'Tis he whom I want," answered Fin.

"You'll not get him." Well, you may keep him," said Fin, rising up from the table, and all the men followed Conan Maol, who was with them, thought it

hard to leave the dinner untasted, so he took a joint of meat with him. When Fin and the Fenians had gone Ceadach said to his wife: "It is a great sname to us that Fin and the Fenians have left our house without tasting food, and this their first visit. Never can I face a man of the Fenians after rhat has happened this day." And he talked till the wife consented to let him go with them. Ceadach then whistled after Fin. who came back with his men, and they raised three

all sat down to dinner, and they needed it badly, for they were hungry. After dinner all set out together and went to Ceadneh's father, the King of Sorach, who was very powerful and had many ships (Fin and

shouts of joy when they heard that Ceadach

would go with them. They entered the house

the Fenians had no ships at that time). Cea-dach's father had received no account of his son from the time that he left him at first, and was rejoiced at his coming.

Said Fin to the King of Sorach: "I need a

ship to bear me to the land where the Red Ox "You may take the best ship I have," said

the King.

Fin chose the best ship and was going on board with his men when Ceadach's wife said to him: "When coming back your are to raise black sails if Ceadach is killed, but white sails

Fin commanded, and the men turned the prow to the sea and the stern to land; they raised the great sweeping sails and took their smoothly polished ship past harbors with gently eloping shores, and there the ship left sehind it pale green wavelets. Then a mighty such force that not a nail in the ship was left unheated nor the finger of a man inactive, and the ship raised with its sailing a proud, failed they sat down with their oars of fragrant beech or white ash, and with every stroke they sent the ship forward three leagues through the water, where fishes, seals, and monsters rose around them, making music and sport and giving courage to the men; and they never stopped nor cooled till they entered the chie port of the land where the Red Ox lived.

When all had landed, Ceadach said: "I need the fleetest man of the Fenians to help me gainst the Red Ox, and now tell me what each of you can do, and how fast he can run. "Let out," said one man, "twelve hares in held with twelve gaps in it, and I will not let a

hare out through any gap of the twelve." "Take a sieve full of chaff," said a second man, "to the top of a mountain, let the chaff go out with the wind, and I will gather all in again before as much as one bit of it comes to

he ground." When I run at full speed," said a third man. my tread is so light that the dry, withered grass is not crushed underneath me." 'Now. Dyeermud," said Ceadach, "I think

that you were the swiftest of all when I was

the guest of Fin MacCool and the Fenians of Erin; tell me how swift are you now?" "I am swifter," said Dyeermud. "than the thought of a woman when she is thinking of

two men. "Oh, you will do." said Ceadach: "you are the fleetest of the Fenians; come with me." Fin and the Fenians remained near the ship.

while Ceadach and Dyeermud went off to face The Red Ox's resting place was enclosed by a wall and a hedge; outside the hedge was lofty stone pillar; on this pillar the Red Ox used to rub his two sides. The Ox had but one horn, and that in the middle of his forehead. With that horn, which was four feet in length,

toward him he sniffed from a distance. When he sniffed the two champions he rushed at them. Ceadach bounded toward the pillar. Dyermud took shelter at the hedge and waited to see what would happen.

ne let neither fly. wasp. gnat, nor biting insect

come near, and whenever any creature came

Ceadach ran round the pillar and the Red Ox pursued him. Three days and three nights did they run; such was the speed of the two that Dyecrmud never caught sight of them during that time, nor did they have sight of each other-the Red Ox followed by scent. Near the close of the third day, when both were growing tired, the Ox, seeing Cendach, stopped for an instant to run across and pierce him through with his horn. Dyeermud got a glimpse of the Ox, then rose in the air like a bird, split the forehead of the Ox with

one blow, and stretched him.
"My love on your blow," said Ceadach. and it was time for you to give it."

"Purblindness and blindness to me." replied Dycermud. "if I saw the Ox till that instant." Both were now joyful, for they had the head to take with them.

"Well," said Ceadach, "if Fin and his men had this careass it would give them beef for Well, Dyeermud." asked Ceadach, "how

nuch of the Ox can you carry?" "I think I can take one quarter, with the "If you can do that," said Ceadach, "I'll

take the rest of the carcass myself." Cutting off one quarter he thrust through it he point of the horn, put the horn on Dyeer mud's shoulder, with the head and quarter pefore and behind him. Ceadach took th other three quarters himself, and both went on. Before they had gone half the way to the reasel Dyeermud was tired, and Ceadach had to take that quarter as well as his own three

Dyearmud could only carry the head. When the two men appeared at the ship all rejoiced greatly and welcomed them. Fin took the borabu then and sounded it from joy: this As the report had gone to all regions that Fin vas under sentonce to kill the Red Ox, when Red Face heard the borabu he said to himself: That is Fin: the Red Ox is killed; no one could kill him but Ceadach, and Ceadach is where the borabu is." Red Face had power o druidic spells, so he rose in the air and soon dropped down near the Fenians, and was un

men till he stood there before them. Said Red Face to Ceadach: "I am long seek ing you; you must now stand your ground." What you ask is but fair," answered

Ceadach. Red Face went to the distance of a spear's east and hurled his spear at Ceadach, but Dyeermud sprang up and caught it on his eel. Red Face made a second cast. Goll Mac Morna raised his hand to stop the spear, but t went through his hand, and, going further.

pierced Ceadach and killed him. Red Face then vanished, and no manknew when he vanished or to what place he went. When Coadach fell the Fenians raised seven loud cries of grief that drove the hadgers from the glens in which they were sleeping.

Said Dyeermud to Fin: "Chew your thumb to learn how Ceadach can be brought to life." Fin chewed his thumb from the skin to the flesh, from the flesh to the bone, from the bone to the marrow, from the marrow to the juice and then he knew that there was a sow with three pigs in the Eastern World, and if blood from one of these pigs were put on Ceadach's

Fin took some men, and, leaving others to watch over Ceadach, set sail for the Eastern World, and never stopped till he anchored in a port where the sow and her pigs were. Fin knew all paths to the lair of the sow, and they went to it straightway. When they came she was out hunting food, so they took the three pigs, hurried back to the vessel, set sail in all haste, and were soon out at sea. the sow came back to her lair it was empty

Then she found the scent of the men, followed

t to the sea, and swam after the ship. When the ship had made one-third of the voyage the sow came in sight and was soon near the ship. Fin ordered his men to throw out one pig of the three. The sow took the pig in her mouth, turned back, swam home. and left it in her lair. She turned a second time, followed the ship, and such was her speed and her venom that little more than one-half of the voyage was over when the sow was in sight again. When near the ship they threw her the second pig. The mother went with the first, and rushed after the ship a third time. Land was in sight when they saw the

sow raging on after them.
"Oh, we are lost!" cried the Fenians. Dyeermud then took a bow with an arrow

and, resting the bow on another man's houlder, aimed at the widely opened mouth of the sow so truly that the arrow, going in and in no long time she turned her back

They landed in safety, bled the pig. and when they let some of the blood drop into Candach's spear wound he sprang up alive. When Ceadach was restored Fin blew the borabu, and the Fenians raised seven shouts of joy that were heard throughout the whole kingdom. Then they set sail for Sorach. Now Ceadach's wife thought her husband

long in coming, and was watching and wait-

ing every day for him. At last she saw the ship with white sails and was glad. Fin and his men landed, but left Condach on ward.
"Where is Ceadach?" asked the wife, run-

ning out to meet Fin. "He is dead on the vessel," said Fin. "Why did you not raise black sails as you

promised?" We were so troubled that we forgot it." "It was well for you to forget, for if you had raised black sails I should have drowned every man of you.

Ceadach is living and well: have no fear." said Fin. and he sounded the borabu. Ceadach landed. His father and wife were glad to see him that they feasted Fin and the Fenians for seven days and seven nights. Fin told Ceadach's wife of all their adventures, and what struggles they had in bringing

her husband to life. She was glad, for the trouble with Red Face was ended. Ceadach went now with Fin to visit the Doleful Knight of the Island, and they never halted nor stopped till they came to his castle. Fin found the Knight sitting at a great heavy table, his head on his hand, his elbow on the table, into which it had worn a deer hole; a stream of tears was flowing from his eye to the table, and from the table to the floor.

"A hundred thousand welcomes to you. Fir MacCool," said the Knight, and he began to weep more than ever. "I was once in pros-perity, and at that time this was a pleasant place for a good man to visit, but now it is dif ferent. I have food in plenty, but no one to cook it.

"If that's all your trouble," said Fin, "we can cure it."

Fin's men were not slow in preparing a dinner. When the dinner was eaten the Knight turned to Fin and inquired: "Why have you come to my castle, Chief of the Fenians of Erin? "I will tell you," said Fin. Then he related his

story and all his adventures with Ceadach.

Well." said the Knight, "it will shorten my life by seven years to give you the tale of my sufferings, for they will be as fresh to me now as when first I went through them. But as you are under bonds to know I will tell them "I was here in wealth and prosperity, myself and my three sons. We used to hunt beasts and birds with our dogs when we liked. On a May morning a hare came and frisked before my hall door. Myself and my three sons then followed her with dogs and followed all day till the height of the evening. Then we saw the hare enter an old fairy fort. The opening was wide; we were able to follow. In we rushed, all of us, and the next thing we saw was a fine roomy building. We went in, looked around for the bare, but saw not a sight of her. There was no one within but an old man and woman. We were not long inside till three gruagachs came, each with a wild boar on his shoulders. They threw the wild boars on the floor and told me to clean them and cook them for dinner. One of my sons fell to cleaning a boar, but for every hair that he took from him

ten new ones came out, so the sconer he stopped work the better. Then one of the old gruagach's sons placed the boars in a row, the head of the one near the tail of the other, and, taking a reed, blew once, the hair was gone from all three; twice, the three boars were dressed; a third time, all

vere swept into one caldron. When the meal was cooked and ready grusgach brought two spits to me, one of dull wood, the other fermed of sharp iron. The old man asked, 'Which will you choose?'

"I chose the sharp iron spit, went to the caldron, and thrust in the spit; but if I did. I I raised only a poor, small bit of meat, mostly bone. That was what I and my three sons had for dinner. "After dinner the old man said: 'Your sons

may perform now a feat for amusement.'
"In three rooms were three crossbeams as high from the floer as a man's throat. In the middle of each beam was a hole. Through this hole passed a chain with a loop at each end of it. In front of the hole on each side of the beam was a knife, broad and sharp. One loop of each chain was put on the ne on of mine and one on the neck of a gruagach. Then each of the six was striving to save his own throat and to cut off the head of the other man, but the gruagachs pulled my hree sons to the crossbeams and took the

three heads off them. Then they dressed them and boiled them for supper. When that supper was ready they struggled to force me to eat some, but could not Next they threw me across the broad table, plucked out one eye from my head. thrust a light in the socket, and made me lie there and serve as a candlestick. In the norning I was flung out through the door. while the old man cried: 'You'll not come here a second time!"

"Have you seen that hare since?" inquired

"I have, for she comes each May morning. and that renews and gives strength to my sor-

and that renews and gives strength to my sorrow."

To-morrow will be May day; come with me and we'll hunt her." said Ceadach.

"I will not," said the knight of the Island.

The hare came after breakfast next morning and halted in front of the castle. The knight was unwilling to hunt, but still yielded to Ceadach and followed with the others.

Time after time they came close to the hare, but never could catch her. At last, in the height of the evening when nearing the same fairy fort, the hound Bran snapped at the haunch of the hare and took a full bite from her. All passed through the entrance, found the house, and no one inside but an old man and woman. The old woman was lying in bed and she greaning.

and she groaning.
"Have you seen a hare in this house?" in-

and she groaning.

"Have you seen a hare in this house?" Inquired Ceadach.

"I have not." said the old man.

Ceadach saw traces of blood on the bed and went toward the old woman, who was covered up closely; raising the clothes he said; "Maybe 'tis here that the hare is."

The old woman was covered with blood and wounded in the very same way as the hare. They knew then who was the cause of misfortune to the Knight of the Island, and who made the visits each year on May morning.

They were not long in the house when the grungachs, the sons of the old man, came in, each with a wild bear on his shoulders. Secing the knight of the Island, they laughed and said: "We thought you had enough of this place the first time that you came here."

"I saw more than I wished to see," said the Knight of the Island, "out I had to come this time."

"Have you any man to cook dinner for us?"

Knight of the Island, "but I had to come this time."

"Have you any man to cook dinner for us?" asked the oldgrusgach of Fin.

"I'll do that myself," put in Ceadach, who turned to one of the brothers and asked:

"Where is your roed: I must use it."

The reed was brought. Ceadach blew once, the boars were clean: twice, they were droseed and ready; thries, they were in the caldron.

When the spits were brought, Ceadach took the dull wooden spit, thrust it into the pot, and took up all that was in there.

Fin. Ceadach, and the Knight ate to their own satisfaction, then they invited the old grusgach and his three sons to dinner.

"We have nothing," said the old grusgach and his sons.

"Where are your chains?" asked Ceadach.

"We have not the mow," said the young grusgachs.

"You must bring them." said Ceadach.

"Where are your chains?" asked Ceadach.

"We do not use them now," said the young gruagachs.

"You must bring them," said Ceadach.
The chains were brought, drawn through the cross-beams, and three loops of them put on the necks of the gruagachs. No matter what strength was in the three brothers nor how they struggled, Ceadach brought their throats to the knives and took the three heads off them. Next they were belied in the caldron as the knight's three sons had been belied the first time. Then Ceadach seized the old gruagach, flung him across the broad table, plucked out one eye from his head, and fixed a light in the empty socket.

At sight of what the gruagachs passed through the Deleful knight of the Island let one rearing laugh out of himself, his first laugh in seven years.

Next morning Ceadach, pointing to the Knight of the Island, said to the old gruagach: "Unless you bring this man's three sons to life I will take yourown head."

The bones of the three sons were in three hears of dust outside the door. The gruagach took a rod of enchantment and struck the bones. The three sons of the Knight rose up as well and strong as ever and went home. The Knight of the Island gave a feast to Fin and Ceadach, sailed back to the King of Sorach. Ceadach remained with his wife and father. Fin went to the harbor of Fintra, taking with him the head of the Red Ox and the story of the Doleful Knight to the fish hag.

"Have you the head of the Red Ox?" asked the hag."

"Have you the head of the hag.
"I have," answered Fin.
"You will give it to me," said the hag.
"I will not," answered Fin. "If I was bound to bring it I was not bound to give it."
When she heard that, the hag dropped to

SUSY;

The Story of a Waif.

BY BRET HARTE.

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After the chill of a dewless night the morning sun was apt to look ardently upon the Robles Rancho, if so strong an expression could describe the dry, oven-like heat of a Calfornian coast range valley. Before 10 o'clock the adobe wall of the patio was warm enough to permit lingering vaqueros and idle peons to lean against it. and the exposed annex was filled with sharp, resinous odors from the oozing sap of unseasoned "redwood" boards. warped and drying in the hot sunshine. Even at that early hour the climbing Castilian roses were drooping against the wooden columns of the new veranda, scarcely older than them selves, and mingling an already faded spice with the aroma of baking wood and the more material fragrance of steaming coffee that seemed dominant everywhere. In fact, the pretty breakfast room, whose

three broad windows, always open to the veranda, gave an al fresco effect to every meal, was a pathetic endeavor of the Southern-bred Peyton to emulate the soft, luxurious, and open-air indolence of his native South in a climate that was not only not tropical, but even austere in its most fervid moments. Yet although cold draughts invaded it from the real that morning, Judge Peyton sat alone between the open doors and windows awaiting the slow coming of his wife and the young ladies. He was not in an entirely comfortable mood that morning. Things were not going on well at Robles. That truculent vagabond. Pedro, had the night before taken himself off with a curse that had frightened even the vaqueros who most hated him as a companion, but who now seemed to regard his absence as an injury done to their race. Peyton, uneasily conscious that his own anger had been excited by an exaggerated conception of the accident, was now like most obstinate men, inclined to exaggerate the imout of it to get rid of this quarrelsome hangeron, whose presumption and ill humor threatened the discipline of the Bancho, yet he could not entirely forget that he had employed him on account of his family claims and from a desire to placate racial jealousy and settle local differences. For the infer-ior Mexicans and Indian half-breeds still regarded their old masters with affection; were, in fact, more concerned for the integrity of their caste than the masters were themselves-and the old Spanish families who had made alliances with Americans and shared their land with them, had rarely succeeded in alienating their retainers with their lands. Certain experiences in the proving of his grant before the Land Commission had taught Perton that they were not to be depended upon. And lately there had been unpleasant rumors of the discovery of some unbooked for claim-ants to a division of the grant itself, which might affect his own title.

He looked up quickly, as voices and light steps on the veranda at last heralded the approach of his tardy household from the corridor. But in spite of his preoccupation he was startled and even awkwardly impressed with a change in Susy's appearance. She was wearing for the first time a long skirt, and this sudden maturing of her figure struck him as a man much more forcibly than it would probably have impressed a woman more familian with details. He had not noticed certain indications of womanhood as significant perhaps in her carriage as her out-lines, which had been lately perfectly apparent to her mother and Mary, but which were to him now for the first time indicated by a few inches of skirt. She not only looked taller to his masculine eyes, but these few inches had added to the mystery as well as the drapery of the goddess; they were not so much the revelation of maturity as the suggestion that it was hidden. So impressed was he that a half serious lecture on her yesterday's childishness-the outcome of his irritated reflections that morning-died upon his lips. He felt he was no longer dealing

with a child. He welcomed them with that smile of ban tering approbation-supposed to keep down reason, one always reserves for the members of one's own family. He was quite conscious that Susy was looking very pretty in this new and mature frock, and that, as she stood beside his wife, far from aging Mrs. Peyton's good looks and figure, she appeared like an equal companion, and that they mutually became" one another. This and the fact that they were all, including Mary Rogers, in their freshest, gayest morning dresses, awakened a half humorous, half real apprehension in his mind that he was now surrounded by

matured sex and in a weak minority. "I think I ought to have been prepared." he began grimly. " for this addition to the skirts of my family."

"Why, John." returned Mrs. Peyton quickly. 'do you mean to say that you haven't noticed that the poor child has for weeks been looking positively indecent!"
"Really, papa, I've been a sight to behold

Haven't I. Mary?" chimed in Susy. "Yes, dear! Why, Judge, I've been wonder, ing that Susy stood it so well-and never complained !" Peyton glanced around him at this compact

feminine embattlement. It was as he feared. Yet even here he was again at fault. "And," said Mrs. Poyton slowly, with the reserved significance of the feminine postscript in her voice, "if that-Mr. Brant-is coming here to-day it would be just as well for him to see that she is no longer a child as when he

knew her !" An hour later good-natured Mary Rogers, in her character of "a dear!"-which was usually indicated by the undertaking of small errands for her friend-was gathering roses from the old garden for Susy's adornment, when she saw a vision which lingered with her for many a day. She had stopped to look through the iron grille in the adobe wall across the open. wind-swept plain. Miniature waves were passing over the wild oats, with glittering disturbances here and there in the depressions like the sparkling of green foam; the horizon line was sharply defined against the hard, steel blue sky; everywhere the brand new morning was shining with almost painted brilliancy; the vigor, spirit, and even crudeness of youth were ver all. The young girl was dazzled and be wildered. Suddenly, as if blown out of the waving grain, or an incarnation of the vivid morning, the bright and striking figure of a youthful horseman flashed before the grille. It was Clarence Brant! Mary Rogers had al-It was Clarence Brant! Many Rogers had always seen him—in the lovalty of friendship—with Susy's prepossessed eyes, yet she funcied that morning that he had never looked so handsome before. Even the foppish fripperies of riding dress and silver trappings seemed as much the natural expression of conquering youth as the invincible morning sunshine. Perhaps it might have been a reaction against Susy's caprice or some latent susceptibility of her own, but momentary antagonism to her friend stirred even her kindly nature. What right had Susy to trife with such an opportunity? Who was she to hesitate over this gallant prince?

But Prince Charming's quick eyes had detected her, and the next moment his beautiful horse was beside the grating and his ready hand of greeting extended through the bars.

"I suppose I am early and unexpected, but I slept at Santa Inez last night that I might ride over in the cool of the morning. My things are coming by the stage coach later. It seemed such a slow way of coming oneself."

Mary Rogers's black eyes intimated that the way he had taken was the right one, but she gallantly recovered herself and remembered her position as confidente. And here was the opportunity of delivering Susy's warning unobserved. She withdrew her hand from Clarence's frank grasp, and, passing it through the grating, patted the sleek, shining flanks of his horse, with a discreet division of admiration.

"And such a lovely creature, too! And Susy will be so delighted!—and. O. Mr. Brant! please you're to say pething of having mether at Santa Clara. It's just as well not to begin ways seen him-in the loyalty of friendship-

with that bere, for you see (with a large maternal manner) you were both so young then. Clarence drews quick breath. It was the act check to his vision of independence and rest check to his vision of the provided him. He was here as an impostor—and all because Snay had chosen to make a mystery of a harmiess encounter which might have been explained, and which they might have even counternared. He thought bitterly of his old playmate—for a brief moment—as brief as Mary's antagonism. The young girl noticed to the house and don't wait for me. You'll find them in the patio on the verands."

Clarence moved on, but not as spiritedly as helore. Evertheless there was still dashenough about him and the animal he bestrode ostir into admiration the few lounging vaqueros of a country which was apt to judge the status of a rider by the quality of his horse. I have the favorable impression confined to the range of the compliment to the rancho." For a moment the young man was transported back again to his boyhood, and once more foll feyton's approving hand pushing back the worn straw hat from ifs childish forchead. A slight color rose to his cheeks, his eyes mentare where the property of the compliment to the rancho." For a moment the young man was transported back again to his boyhood, and once more foll feyton's approving hand pushing back the worn straw hat from ifs childish forchead. A slight color rose to his cheeks, his eyes mentare with the property of the property of

only a hart of that mystilication into which these youthful actors are apt to throw their mature audiences.

"Confess, Ally," said Peyton cheerfully, as the three young people suddenly found their tongues with aimless vivacity and inconsequent laughter, and started with unintelligible spirits for an exploration of the garden, "confess now that your bete noire is really a very manly as well as a very presentable young fellow. By Jove, the padres have made a Spanish swell out of him without spolling the Brant grit either! Come now, you're not afraid that Susy's strie will suffer from his companionship? "Pon my soul, she might borrow a little of his courtesy to his elders, without indelicacy; I only wish she had as sincere a way of showing her respect for you as he has. Did you notice that he really didn't seem to see anybody else but you at first, and yet you never were a friend to him, like Susy!"

The lady turned her head slightly, but smiled.

"This is the first time he's seen Mary Row.

miled.
This is the first time he's seen Mary Rogers, isn't it?" she said meditatively.
"I reckon! But what's that to do with his noliteness to you?" 'And do her parents know him?" she continued without replying.

"How do I know? I suppose everybody's heard of him? Why?"

"Because I think they have taken a fancy to

"Because I think they have taken a tank, ceach other."

"What in the name of folly, Ally!" began the despairing Peyton.

"When you invite a handsome, rich, and fascinating young man into the company of young ladies, John." returned Mrs. Peyton in her stiffest manner, "you must not forget you owe a certain responsibility to the parents."

"I shall certainly look after Miss Rogers."

CHAPTER V.

Although the three young people had left the veranda tegether, when they reached the old garden Clarence and Susy found themselves considerably in advance of Mary Rogers, who had become suddenly and deoply interested in the beauty of a passion vine near the gate. At the first discovery of their isolation their voluble exchange of information about themselves and their occupations since their last meeting stopped simultaneously. Clarence, who had forgotten his momentary irritation, and had recovered his old happiness in her presence, was nevertheless conscious of some who had lorgotten his momentary irritation, and had recovered his old happiness in her presence, was nevertheless conscious of some other change in her than suggested by the lengthened skirt and the later and more delicate accentuation of her prettiness. It was not her affectation of superiority and older social experience, for that was only the outcome of what he had found charming in her as a child, and which he still good-humoredly accepted, nor was it her characteristic exaggeration of speech which he still pleasantly recognized. It was something elso-vague and indefinite, something that had been unnoticed while Mary was with them, but had now come between them like some unknown presence which had taken the confidente's place. He remained slient, looking at her half-brightening check and conscious profile. Then he spoke with awkward directnoss.

"You are changed, Susy-more than in looks."
"Hush!" said the young girl in a tragic.

spoke with awaward directness.

"You are changed. Susy-more than in looks."

"Hush!" said the young girl in a tragle whisper, with a warning gesture toward the blandly unconscious Mary.

"lut." returned Clarence wonderingly.

"Idon't know." said Susy, in a still deeper tone, "that is—oh, don't ask me! But when you're always surrounded by spies—when you can't say your soul is your own—you doubt everybodly." There was such a pretty distress in her violet eyes and curving eyebrows that Clarence, albeit vague as to its origin and particulars, nevertheless possessed himself of the little hand that was gesticulating dangerously near his own, and pressed it sympathetically. Perhaps procecupied with her emotions she did not immediately withdraw it, as she went on rapidity: "And if you were copied up here day after day behind these bars." pointing to the grille, "you'd know what I suffer."

"But—" began Clarence.

"Hush." said Susy with a stamp of her little foot.

what I suffer."
"But—" began Clarence.
"Hush!" said Susy with a stamp of her little foot.

"Hush!" said Susy with a stamp of her little foot.
Clarence, who only wished to point out that the whole lower end of the garden wall was in ruins and open clearly to the plain. "hushed."
"And listen! don't pay me much attention to-day, but talk to her!—indicating the still discreet and distant Mary—" before father and mother. Not a word to her of this confidence. Clarence! To-morrow ride out alone on your beautiful horse and come back by way of the woods, beyond our turning, at 4 o'clock. There's a trail to the right of the big madrone tree. Take that, Be careful and keep a good lookout, for she mustn't see you."

"Who mustn't see me?" said the puzzled Clarence.
"Why Mary of course, you silly how!" re-

"Who mustn't see me?" said the puzzled Clarence.
"Why Mary, of course, you silly boy!" returned the girl impatiently. "She'll be looking for me! Go now. Clarence! Stop! Look at that lovely big Maiden's Flush up there." pointing to a pink-suffused specimen of rose grandiflora hanging on the wall. "Get it, Clarence-that one-I'll show you wherethere!" They had already plunged into the leafy bramble, and standing on those with her hand on his shoulder and head upturned. Susy's cheek had innocently approached Clarence's own. By reason of which Clarence, possibly through some confusion of color, fragrance, or softness of contact, seemed to have availed himself of the opportunity in a way which caused Susy to instantly rejoin Mary Rogers with affected dignity, leaving him to follow a few moments later with the captured flower.

Without trying to understand the reason of to-morrow's readezvous, and parhaps not altogether convinced of the reality of Susy's troubles, he however, did not find that difficulty in carrying out her other commands which he had expected. Mrs. Peyton was still gracious, and, with feminine tact, induced him to talk of himself until she was presently in coassession of his whole history—barring the episode of his meeting with Susy—since he had parted with them. He felt a strange satisfaction in familiarly pouring out his confidences to this large, queenly woman, whom his had always held in swe: there was

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a new delight in her womanly interest in his trials and adventures; and a subtle pleasure even in her half metherly criticism and admonition of some passages. I am afraid he forgot Susy, who listened with the complacency of an exhibitor. Mary, whose black eyes dilated alternately with sympathy for the performer and deprecation of Mrs. Peyton's critical giances, and Leyton, who, however, seemed lost in thought and preoccupied. Clarence was hapty. The softly shaded lights in the broad, spacious, comfortably furnished drawing room shone on the group before him; it was a picture of refined domesticity which the homeless Clarence had never known except as a vague, half painful, boy'sh remembrance; it was a realization of welcome that far exceeded his wildest boyish vision of the preceding night. With that recollection came another a more uneasy one! He remembered how that vision had been interrupted by the strange voices in the road, and their vague but ominous import to his host. A feeling of self-reproach came over laim. The threat-had impressed him as only mere bringgadocio—he knew the characteristic exaggeration of the race—but perhaps he ought to privately tell Feyton of the incident at once.

The opportunity came later when the ladies had retired and Peyton was not as the characteristic exaggeration of the race—but perhaps he ought to privately tell Feyton of the incident at once. The opportunity came later when the ladies had retired, and Peyton, wrapped in a poncho in a rocking chair in the now chilly veranda, looked up from his reverle and a cigar. Clarence casually introduced the incident, as if only for the sake of describing the supernatural effect of the hidden voices, but he was concerned to see that leaving was considerably

structured by the treewest of the middle was a contract of the contract of the middle was a contract of the contract of the middle was a contract of the contr

and a more conscious disregard of her wishes. So uneasy did he become, in his sensitive concern for Mrs. Peytons half-concerded mortification, that he gladly accepted mortification, that he gladly accepted peytons offer to go with him to visit the farm and corral. As the alternoon approached, with another twinger of self-reproach, he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to invent sensitive and the self-reproach he was abliged to the self-reproach he was abliged to see Mrs. Peyton standing behind the wind-tossed level grain beyond her. She smiled as she saw him, but there were traces of tears in her prouch handsone eyes.

You are going to vider' she said pleasing.

But I suption all this that it does that be did not notice is all that the grain which he had seed that he had seed at him wistfully.

"He was collected from the grain beyond her. She smiled as she saw him, but there were traces of tears in her prouch had not notice is an individual to see Mrs. Peyton in a right least the seed of the grain beyond her. She gained at the wind-to-seed the was constant to speak for myself and you think you could be always forther, we need not conceal it from you and that I want you to be my wind to speak for myself and you think you was absent to speak for myself and that I doesn't seem quite right t

Peyton would think me going mad in my old

Peyton would think me going mad in my old age. No, go on and enjoy your gallop, and if you should sag those giddy girls anywhere, send them home early for chocolate, before the cold wind gets up."

She turned, waved her slim white hand playfully in acknowledgment of Clarence's bared head and moved away.

For the first few moments the young man tried to find relief in furious riding and in bullying his spirited horse. Then he pulled quickly um. What was he doing? What was he going to do? What foolish, vapid deceit was that he was going to practise upon that noble, queenly, confiding, generous woman? (He had already forgetten that she had always distrusted him.) What a fool he was not to tell her half jokingly that he expected to meet. Susy. But would he have dared to talk half jokingly to such a woman on such a topic? And would it have been honorable without disclosing the whole truth—that they had met secretly before. And was it fair to Susy—dear, innocent, childish Susy. Yet something must be done! It, was such trivial, purposeless deceit, after all: for this noble woman. Mrs. Peyton—se kind—so gentle—would never object to his loving Susy, and—and unarrying her. And they would all ever be separated from them. By the did just now in the garden. Yes, he would have a serious understanding with Susy—and that would excuse the chandestine meeting.

His rapid pace meantime had brough him to the imperceptible incline of the terrace, and